

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Naisy World, With News From All Nations Lumb'ring at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY JULY 9, 1896.

NUMBER 15.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Sundays only.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	10 00 am	6 50 pm	4 35 pm
Avon	9 31 am	6 24 pm	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	6 03 pm	2 25 pm
Fairlie	8 54 am	5 47 pm	2 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	5 31 pm	1 10 pm
Clay City	8 19 am	5 12 pm	11 40 am
Stanton	8 10 am	5 02 pm	11 20 am
Filson	7 55 am	4 47 pm	10 48 am
Dundee	7 43 am	4 32 pm	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	4 27 pm	10 07 am
Torrent	7 24 am	4 14 pm	9 35 am
Beatty's Jc	7 03 am	3 52 pm	8 25 am
Three F's C	6 53 am	3 42 pm	8 00 am
Athol	6 32 am	3 21 pm	7 18 am
Elkatswa	6 08 am	2 58 pm	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	2 50 pm	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 4. Sundays only.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2 20 pm	7 45 am	6 30 am
Avon	2 47 pm	8 15 am	7 08 am
Winchester	3 07 pm	8 40 am	8 10 am
Fairlie	3 21 pm	8 54 am	8 54 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 10 am	9 24 am
Clay City	3 55 pm	9 28 am	11 45 am
Stanton	4 05 pm	9 38 am	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	9 51 am	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	10 06 am	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4 37 pm	10 12 am	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	10 27 am	2 00 pm
Beatty's Jc	5 16 pm	10 51 am	3 05 pm
Three F's C	5 26 pm	11 01 am	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	11 22 am	4 12 pm
Elkatswa	6 12 pm	11 46 am	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	11 55 am	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



THIS WATCH

is guaranteed same as our

\$100 WATCHES

to run well and keep good time.

THE PRICE IS \$2.50

This watch is exact size as represented, of American manufacture, solid nickel silver case, stem wind, stem set, quick train, duplex escapement.

Send in your orders of call and see us when you come to Lexington.

Fred. J. Heintz,
Manufacturing Jeweler,

near Government Building, Lexington.

THE HERALD \$1 a year in advance.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Wolfe County Union Sunday School Convention.

The second annual union Sunday school convention of Wolfe county met at Sandfield Saturday, June 20, 1896.

Convention was called to order, and after reading of the sixth chapter of Matthew by H. H. Swango, county president, and prayer by Rev. Frank Thomas, who also gave a short talk from the sixth chapter of Ephesians, a song, "Lord, We Come," was beautifully rendered by the children of the different Sunday schools.

Then followed an appropriate talk by Robert Cecil, of Stillwater, on "The Field and Work of the Sunday School." The subject was ably handled. Some of the main points given in behalf of the Sunday school were: First, it keeps children from spending the day in idleness and dissipation, and teaches them to keep the Sabbath day holy. Second, holy influence on very small children. Third, exhortation to superintendents and teachers to be faithful and courageous. J. C. Fuiks, of Bethel, and H. E. Oney, of Hazel Green, being absent, their subjects were passed without discussion, and the "Teachers Influence" was nicely presented by Miss Lillian Patrick, of Maytown.

Banford Mannin was then called on for a "Family Alter" talk, and he clearly pictured the holy influences of daily prayer service in the home, and the importance of impressing bible truths and molding the miniature character around the hearthstone.

Others speakers on program were absent and the "Money Question" was taken up by Prof. Wm. H. Cord. It was pronounced the best "money speech" of the season for this county. He gave as some of the reasons why we need money and why we should give liberally: First, Christ gave his life for us, we should give liberally to his cause. Second, the world needs the pocket books converted as well as the hearts. (Let everybody say "amen.") A genuine heart conversion is closely followed by the conversion of pocket-book. Third, to secure aid in the way of Lesson Helps, cards, Sunday school periodicals, etc., to keep pace with christian advancement. How to raise money. First, Explain the needs of it to the children and enlist them. Get them interested. Teach them in missionary work. Second, let the pastor, superintendent and teacher lead the way in giving—teaching by example. Third, give points to observe—give willingly, cheerfully, liberally, regularly and equitably. Fourth, teach the Sunday school to love to give, and let he who teaches this love to give also.

Miss Ida Rose then read a paper on "What the Sunday School Can Do," giving relation of teachers to pupil, to church, to community. The subject was fully brought out and was very strengthening. She told of the great necessity and crying demand for trained, consecrated teachers, giving as the sole object Sunday school work to make christians, and the Sunday school which did not do this was a failure. That to do this the superintendent and teachers must live the Christ life—must live the truths they seek to impress.

After singing "There's much we can do," the convention adjourned for dinner, which was served "on the ground." Many baskets were emptied of good things, and all enjoyed the feast.

Afternoon the convention elected the following officers for the ensuing year: H. H. Swango, president; J. W. Taulbee, vice president; Miss Mattie Quicksall, secretary, and Miss Ida Rose, Treasurer. Executive committee—R. M. Cecil, J. T. Center, W. H. Cord, J. T. Sexton, Henry Mannin, S. S. Combs, Andrew Nickell, W. G. W. Crucey, John Coons, J. Miles Nickell and Robt. Brooks.

The committee on resolutions made the following report, which was adopted: Resolved, That we commend the union of state and county Sunday schools to the aid and prayers of all church workers, and that we urge all Sunday schools to take an active part in extending the work.

Resolved, that each Sunday school shall pay the apportionment that is required for the state work, which is only five dollars.

Resolved, That the people in general tender their thanks to the people of Sandfield and vicinity for dinner, etc.

Resolved, That the thanks of the convention are due the officers for their efficient service.

Resolved, That these proceedings be printed in THE HERALD and Kentucky Sunday School Union.

B. F. BOLLING,
W. H. CORD,
SILAS TUTT,
LILLIAN PATRICK,
IDA ROSE,
Committee.

Every school in the county was represented and it is hoped somebody was benefitted.

We hope to have a better convention next year, with more schools to report and more souls saved by the Sunday school influence, and last but not least, more open pocket-books and cheerful givers.

H. H. SWANGO, President.
MATTIE C. QUICKSALL, Secretary.

Spoons Free To All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a house hold necessity. It can not slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Any one can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home. Very truly,

JEANNETTE S.

The Influence of The Revolver.

Among the great benefactors of the human race, the inventor of the revolver should be placed in the very front rank. He who aids man to maintain his self-respect and command the respect of others, is a true philanthropist. The revolver places pluck and courage on an equality with brute strength. It augments the self-possession of the really brave but peaceable man, while it modifies the manners of the bully. In the words of a certain Texan, "Thanks be to God and Colonel Colt, all men are created equal!"

It is argued by those who favor its prohibition, that the custom of carrying weapons fosters murder. This premise is incorrect in its very conception. The law-abiding citizen will not use his weapon without justification, while the criminal will go armed in spite of every statute. Thus, the law-abiding citizen, abiding by the law, is placed at the mercy of the lawless; and the latter, knowing this, is the more inclined to deeds of violence. Taking advantage of his victim's helplessness, he stands on his dunghill and crows like a game-cock.

It is well known that in communities where the carrying of arms is universal, murders are most infrequent. The very condition exerts a wholesome and repressing influence. Speech becomes more thoughtful and actions doubly guarded. Were it in the case that all men might lawfully carry deadly weapons, thugs and footpads would soon seek other occupations. The whole social system would quickly be deterred.

The ban against the revolver is pre-legal. It deprives him of inferior physique of the means of protecting his person from injury and his honor from insult—which is the inalienable right of any, be he dog, Jew or Gentile.—The New Bohemian.

Ice Cream Made by a New Process.

I have an Ice Cream Freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Spencer Sporadics.

Mrs. F. N. Day, of Hazel Green, is visiting friends and relatives at this place. Also, the Misses Evans, of Hazel Green, are visiting here.

The good people of Spencer run a jolt wagon excursion to the huckleberry woods recently. The berries were nearly all gone, consequently I don't think they got any.

The day star of the "Bacer worm" has arisen in full glory. But alas! many a fine specimen is being "nipped in the bud" by the avaricious farmer who thinks it best to wait until the crops are ripe before using.

Dr. S. H. Thomas is walking "proper" this week and his father, the Hon. John R., has been wearing a broad grin in conjunction with a laundered shirt, necktie and collar. We presume the birds have whispered the sweet name of "grandpaw" in his ears.

The Glorious Fourth with its many attractions will soon be here. When patriotism, if it is not real, becomes a duty of fashion. With some, patriotism is merely formality; they are patriotic because others are patriotic. To this class belongs many of our statesmen. As long as it is to their interests they are patriotic; with the decline of their interests, they lose sight of the needs and wants of their country that calls for their loyal support, and I doubt if every day was a Fourth of July and the national bands were kept constantly banging "Dixie" or "My Maryland," or "Yankee Doodle" in their dull ears, whether they would support a measure to the interest of their country—though it was on the verge of dissolution—unless it was to their own individual interests. Would that the people would cast out such political Arnolds and Andres, and select such men for their leaders as have the interests and good of their country at heart, and in whose bosoms flow a pure spirit of patriotism, that is as deep and potent on December 10 as on July 4.

July 3, 1896. SLOCUM.

MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

Hendricks Hastings.

Mrs. Berry S. Patrick is visiting friends and relatives here today.

Willie May and Fred Frazier were guests of the Middle Fork Saturday.

Dudley H. Arnett was a guest of G. W. Rice Saturday night and Sunday.

Lark Arnett, a prominent merchant of this place, is in bad health at present.

Supt. H. W. Atkeson passed here Friday en route to Cow creek, accompanied by a teacher and a trustee.

Branch W. Higgins, Augustus Arnett and Lark Howard were guests of the Hendricks House Thursday night and Friday.

Miss Nannie Patrick, Genoa May, Mary Patrick, James M. Gullett and Bood Patrick report a fine meeting at Licksillet Sunday.

Miss Emma Spurlock, a young lady of shrewd intelligence, will teach school down on Price this year. She will be principal and Harlin M. Rice, assistant.

Alf Creech, who has recently moved here from Wolfe county, as it seems, has been very unlucky, getting two horses snake bit three times each, but fortunately they are getting well.

The 4th of July was well celebrated Saturday down at Silver Mountain by a host of men, women and children. Among them were K. N. Arnett, Sam and Patrick Risner, Chat Whitt, Mrs. Emily Odit, Minnie Haney, Josie Patrick and Kate Hager, all of them being good dancers all participated in the "grand old picnic" from 8 o'clock Saturday morning till 12 o'clock Saturday night. K. N. Arnett was at last made police to maintain peace and order. For further information address Windy Ritchie, Goblars Knob, Ky.

July 7, 1896. CORRESPONDENT.

Lykins Listings.

J. C. Patrick, of Salyersville, was here on business last week.

Burns May and Allen Jones were visitors in our little town Sunday.

Wm. Allen and wife visited John Collinsworth and family Saturday and Sunday.

Religious services were held at the school house here Sunday by Revs. Ony and Bull.

Samuel Patton and daughter, Miss Eliza, of Rousseau, are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Miss Emma Collinsworth is visiting relatives at the mouth of White Oak and West Liberty this week.

Miss Josie Ony is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Joe Ony. She will remain here and attend school this fall.

Dr. Tipton reports as sick: Levi Johnson, Hedden Linden, child of Farish Patton and one of Anbon Davis' children.

The mail has been changed from thrice-a-week to daily at this place. We now receive daily mail from Salyersville and Hazel Green.

News has reached here of the death of Miss Lilly Kenton, of Texas. The father of the deceased formerly resided here and she had many relatives and friends who are saddened because of her untimely death.

Mrs. Louisa Hammond, wife of Geo. Hammond, died on Thursday, June 25. She had been a constant sufferer for some time and her death was momentarily expected. She was a devout Christian and has gone to her reward. She leaves a husband and five children and many relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

July 6, 1896. TEM.

The Standard Kitchen Cabinet, for which Mr. J. A. Lipps is the agent for this county, is one of the most convenient articles for the culinary department that has ever come to our notice. It is composed of eighteen different kitchen tools, boxes, bins, and receptacles, which, if bought separately, would cost much more, fill the kitchen and be unhandy and in the way. Not so with the Standard Cabinet. It combines cleanliness, economy and beauty. With it there is no vermin, no dust, no dampness, no must, no insects, no mildew. It saves time, saves health, saves sweeping, saves waste of material, saves thousands of steps, saves stooping, saves evaporation, saves scrubbing. It is a beautiful piece of furniture and an ornament to any kitchen. While compact and out of the way, it is immediately in hand and needed in every household three times a day for 365 days in the year.

PAY UP.

We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us on subscriptions, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why; YOU ARE IN ARREARS!

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to 120 families, any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one to two hundred dollars around home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers for eighteen 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

FRANCIS CASEY,
St. Louis, Mo.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : KY.

DOCTOR FORNEY.



R. CHARLES MARION had ridden a vicious horse, against the express prohibition of everybody who knew anything about it, and a broken arm was the consequence.

Squire Selwyn's black horse, Thunder, was well known in the vicinity, and his extraordinary faculty for multiplying broken heads had brought him into such disrepute that the squire was obliged to keep him because nobody would purchase him.

Charles was the squire's nephew—a young man of twenty-five or six, and as concealed as young men of that age are apt to be. He had come from the city for a month's vacation, and, having ridden Thunder, and got his arm broken, was safely housed away in the cool spare chamber to await the coming of a physician.

"How very unfortunate it is," said Kate Selwyn, entering the chamber just as Charles' small stock of patience was exhausted; "but Dr. Stone has gone out of town for a week, and left Dr. Forney to take his place."

"Send for Dr. Forney, then," exclaimed Charles, impatiently.

"I have, but I expect you will decapitate me for it. You know you detest strong-minded women, and Dr. Forney—"

"Of course I do. A strong-minded woman ought to be put in a strait-jacket. But what has that got to do with Dr. Forney?"

"Oh, here she is!" cried Kate, and the door opened to admit a rather slight young woman. She was rosy and pretty, with soft, loose curls of yellowish hair, a pair of mischievous brown eyes and a set of teeth white as pearls. She showed them when she smiled.

"A patient for you, doctor," said Kate, indicating Charles with a nod.

"Good gracious!" cried the patient, "you don't pretend to say that this young lady is a doctor?"

"Dr. Forney, Mr. Martin," said Kate, gravely.

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, a little haughtily, "I should prefer to have my arm attended to by a gentleman."

"I am sorry for your sake that I am not a gentleman," said Dr. Forney, bowing; "I regret it extremely, but I do not see how I can help it."

"No, no, of course not. But do you think you have courage enough to set a broken limb?"

"Try me, and then answer the question yourself."

Without more ado the doctor proceeded to business; and, though Charles was as nervous as any old woman, the limb was skillfully set, and the patient quieted down to sleep before Dr. Forney left him.

I don't like sick or lame heroes; I don't think them interesting anywhere out of a three-volume novel, for they are generally fretful and cross and want more waiting on than two grandmothers and a great-grand-uncle. But I am obliged to introduce you to a broken-armed hero in order to tell you about Dr. Alice Forney.

When Charles awoke he was prepared to be very much outraged.

"I declare, it is abominable," he said, to Kate, "to think of that little bit of pink and white femininity being a doctor!"



"A PATIENT FOR YOU, DOCTOR."

tor! Why, she looks as if she was just fit to sort worsted and work blue dogs on a yellow background. A woman with a profession is simply disgusting. And the idea of that girl going around and setting broken limbs and giving physic! Faugh!

"She's a pretty, genteel girl," said old Mrs. Selwyn, warmly, "and doesn't spend half of her time in dawdling around and curling her hair. She means to make her way herself, she says; and so she does. She gave me something for my new colic that cured me right up."

"And she is so gentle, and has a kind word for everyone," said Kate.

"I can't help that," replied Charles; "she can't be a true woman and usurp the profession of a man. Goodness, I

wonder how a fellow would feel making love to her?"

"Suppose you try and find out?" said Kate, wickedly.

"Me? Humph! I wouldn't marry an angel if she had a profession. Heaven deliver me from your strong-minded women!"

But, notwithstanding Charles' disgust at professional females, he flourished finely under Dr. Forney's care. The doctor came every day, and her calls were prolonged. Mr. Marion had so much to tell about his sleepless nights and his weary days and the twinges of pain in his arm and the way his head felt and so on and so forth that Dr. Forney's forenoons were often half absorbed in these visits to her squeamish patient.

One day the doctor came later than usual, and seemed a little hurried. She did not give Charles' headache so much sympathy as usual, and when he began to talk about his nerves she looked out of the window and apparently did not hear him.

Charles felt wronged and insulted. What did he pay a physician for but to comfort him and give him sympathy? Especially when that physician was a woman.

"You will be well attended now," said the doctor, rising to go. "Dr. Stone has returned, and will see you before night."

"Hang Dr. Stone!" returned Charles, irreverently.

"Oh, no! I thought you had more confidence in men, as physicians, than in women."

"Who told you so?"

"I had received that impression. And I thought you would be delighted that he had returned."

"Well, I am not."

"Oh! Indeed?"

"No."

"You will do well enough now, Mr. Marion, under any circumstances. Your arm is doing very well, and in a few days—"

"I tell you it aches horribly, and my head, too. Seems as if you might have some pity for me."

"Of course I pity you very much; but I cannot stay to tell you so now. I am



"DON'T GO!" SAID CHARLES.

rather busy at this time. I have a great many things to get ready, you know."

"For what? Ready for what?" gasped Charles. "Good heavens! you don't mean to say you are going to be married?"

Dr. Forney laughed.

"No. I am going west."

"For how long?"

"An indefinite period. For all my life, if I am pleased with the country. You know I have my fortune to make, and there is a very good opening in Wisconsin."

Something rose up in Charles Marion's throat and nearly suffocated him. He put out his hand and drew Dr. Forney to his side. And the doctor looked embarrassed and blushed, just as any other girl might have done under such circumstances.

"Don't go!" said Charles, eagerly. "If it is an opening you are looking for, there is one nearer home!"

And he opened his arms, entirely forgetting that one of them was unfit for service.

"Mr. Marion!"

"Alice, I love you! There—it is out, thank heaven! I love you with my whole soul!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice. "How a fellow must feel making love to a female doctor!"

"You overheard my insane talk? Well, never mind. I don't care a particle. It will give you a chance to exercise your spirit of forgiveness. For Alice, my darling, you are going to forgive me, for broken hearts are worse than broken bones."

Dr. Forney succumbed to Mr. Marion's logic, and became his wife as soon as he was able to be about his business. She still practices occasionally, and Charles has quite overcome his prejudice for women who follow professions.—Selected.

Good for His Memory.

"My husband always walks past the hat-rack and puts his hat on the piano."

"Mine used to do so too, but I cured him."

"How did you do it?"

"I moved the piano into the hall and brought the hat-rack into the parlor."

—Chicago Record.

—The excavations made on the site of Nineveh prove that the city was burned and then deserted by its inhabitants, who were probably deported after the last great siege.

DANGEROUS WORK.

Death Faced Recklessly by People Who "Shoot" Oil Wells.

This has been a busy season for the torpedo man, and he is reaping a harvest from his perilous work. Few of them ever accumulate any money from it, however. One reason is that so many of them do not live long enough to store up much of their wages, while the prices are so low that the margin of profit is not big.

In spite of the danger of handling nitroglycerine, a good many accidents happen that are not followed by loss of life. A group of brokers and producers sat in the oil exchange recently talking over some such events. E. S. Laughlin told of a shot in three shells put in a well of his not far from the city. Two sections had been lowered to the sand. The third was lost from the cord at a distance of 400 feet above the sand, and when an attempt was made to recover it and sink it the rest of the way it exploded. The shooter stood over the hole as the shot went off. The explosion knocked him down, lifted his cap into the derrick, burned the one side of his face and nearly drowned him with the flood of oil and water that followed. But he was around that same day in good repair.

About a dozen years ago a torpedo man had two shots to put in a well on the Bingham lots, near Coleville. He had carried the stuff out in his wagon, and was filling the shells to lower them into the first well. The other well was on the hill farther up a narrow ravine. The upper well was connected with a tank filled with oil for firing the boiler. By some error the oil line was opened and a free flow of oil allowed to run through while the shot was going down the first well. The deluge of oil came down to the drilling well, and instead of being governed at the boiler the fireman was not expecting it, and the result was an oil fire of beautiful magnitude. The season was fall time, with dry hemlock brush on all sides, and as the burning oil poured down the ravine it headed directly for the well where the shooter was with his load of glycerine in the wagon for the other well. He saw the flame sweeping toward him, and as he was just ready to fire the shot he lowered the weight and jumped to his wagon. He put the whip to his horses and went out of the gulch on a frantic gallop, his wagon bounding over the roots like a ball. Men who met him, not knowing the circumstances, but recognizing the contents of the fellow's wagon, thought he had become suddenly insane, and fled to get out of his way. Two miles he galloped his horses over the awful roads and then pulled up safe from harm with his dangerous load. But the well did not escape so easily. The one he shot put up its flow of oil as the flame from the oil swept down the valley, and it flashed into a blaze which shot hundreds of feet into the air. A stiff breeze blew the flame along the ridge, and in a few minutes a dozen wells were afire. Oil from the burning tanks poured down the hillside, the dry brush, saturated with oil, burned fiercely, and for two days the mountain was a mass of flame. Had the shooter not taken his wagon out of the vicinity with the fearful speed he did an explosion that would have wrecked everything in sight would have been added to the fire.

"It's a wonder Oil City is not wiped off the face of the earth with the stuff," ventured a listener, who sat by. "I know of many instances of glycerine going through town. You recollect that explosion of a wagon load near Franklin last summer. There are three or four men on the floor now who met that wagon as they were going out to a picnic above town. They remarked then about the havoc it would cause if it should explode while going through the city. They were horrified, you may be sure, to learn on their return that it had passed through the city and exploded on its way to Franklin."

"I knew one day not long ago," said another, "of a wagon with 100 quarts on it to drive through Oil City at one o'clock in the daytime."

The general opinion is that if the truth were known all of the towns of the whole oil country are more or less subject to the same danger.—Pittsburgh Times.

Pacific Island in State of Eruption.

The island of Socorro, 400 miles off the Mexican coast, is in a state of eruption. Two months ago, which is the latest date that news was received of the island, lava was running down the mountain sides, overflowing the lowlands and traveling to the sea. The news came in a letter to the hydrographic office from the schooner Zampa, Capt. Peterson of the vessel spoke the Danish bark Schwalde of Guaymas, which reported having passed Socorro on March 20. The sky and sea were filled with ashes miles away from the island and the blazing mountain was first made out at night. It was a magnificent sight, the Danish captain said, but he did not dare venture too near on account of the troubled condition of the ocean.—Chicago News.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

Gentleman—What did you hit him for?

Boy—He was going to call me a liar. Other Boy—I wasn't goin' to do nuffin of the kind.

Boy (decidedly)—Yes you would if you had heard the story I was going to tell you.—Bay City Chat.

—A small sorrow distracts, a great one makes us collected.—Richter.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—She—"Tell me, when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool? Why, I shivered."—N. Y. Herald.

—She (on the avenue)—"There goes a bicycle all in a heap." He—"Well, I guess you'll find a woman at the bottom of it."—Yonkers Statesman.

—More Repartee—"You can't keep a good man down," said the proverb-loving boarder. "Not," said the typewriter boarder, "unless he has a seat in the car. Then you can't get him up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"Well," said Yuss, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside."—Philadelphia American.

—Mrs. Greene—"Of course, you read all your husband's stories?" Mrs. White (wife of the popular author)—"Oh, dear, no! They are nothing to the stories he sometimes tells me after he has been out of an evening."—Boston Transcript.

—"But what reason have you to think that Grateman knows anything about the coinage question?" "The best in the world. He has never tried to talk about it. If he didn't know anything about it he would be saying columns."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Man Easily Pleased—"Miss Cayenne paid me a compliment last night," said Willie Washington. "One of the sort of which she makes a specialty. She told me she thought I had a pleasant disposition." "How did she know?" "That's what I asked her. She said anyone could see that I was easy to please by the way in which I laughed at some of my own remarks."—Washington Star.

EVILS OF OVERSTUDY.

An Example of How the Brain Is Ruined by Stupid Pedantry.

In June, 1894, a beautiful young woman was removed from one of our New England colleges and placed in an asylum for the insane. She had been unwell for some months, owing to overstudy and insufficient sleep; but her aberration of mind was directly brought about by her failure to pass the examination in philosophy at the end of the term.

Being a friend of the family, I visited her soon after her incarceration. I was struck with the change that a few short years of study had made in the girl. She was sitting near the window, apparently reading, when I appeared at the door of her apartment. She looked up, but evidently did not recognize me, and after eyeing me suspiciously for a few moments rose and began to pace the room, laughing at intervals that peculiar nerveless laugh which characterizes the insane.

Finally, with a shudder, she approached me. "So you are another tormentor," she said. "How did you know I failed in that wretched examination? I tell you, I did not fail. I only forgot the words—just the words. I can say them all now. They're from Kant. Listen. The teleology of nature is made to rest on a transcendental theology which takes the ideal of supreme ontological perfection as a principle of systematic unity, a principle which—which—oh, how my head aches! Do you know, I worked that problem all right. It took me all night, but I solved it; and when I lay down in the morning I thought that very triangle was in my head, with the apex piercing my forehead. That must have been the beginning; but I am not insane—only studying, studying, studying. I hear people say so much study is of no use, but I only laugh at them. The idiots. I say, give me knowledge—more knowledge. I adore learning. I worship education." (Here she flung herself upon the bed and fairly hugged and kissed two volumes which happened to be lying there. These proved to be a Hebrew grammar and a work on differential calculus.) "When I was a child," she continued, "I rebelled against the good that was in books. I loved the air and sunshine. I hated the schoolroom. The sight of my playmates sitting silent and motionless oppressed me. Then I was a stupid animal. Now I am an intellectual soul. Oh, heavens! How happy I am." (She raised her eyes with an expression of ecstasy.) "What care I for the things of the world? What care I for study for eternity. I can speak 14 languages. I will be God's interpreter. He has promised me that position when I go to Heaven. I will be God's favorite child, for was I not always first in my class—did I say always? Oh, that examination!" At this point she sank to the floor, and I could stand the strain no longer.)

I walked slowly out of the building, saying to myself: "Idolatry is not yet dead in this 19th century. Learning is doubtless of inestimable value when rightly applied; but the belief, which, so many hold, that there is embodied in a set of college text books that which is intrinsically and necessarily good is mere fetishism."—Washington Star.

Forest Covered with Lava.

There is a volcano not far from Salvador, Central America, that some years ago discharged lava over a forest. The wood all caught fire, of course, but the lava, being light and easily cooled, hardened into long arcs, through which it is possible to walk. Even now the imprints of the trunks and branches of the trees can be seen.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Won-

dental, exclaimed a druggist, how the people stick to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They all want

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents

A DELICATE instrument designed by Horace Darwin will indicate slow ticks and pulsations of the earth's crust of less than 1-300 of a second, or at an angle less than that subtended by a line an inch long at a distance of 1,000 miles. It consists of a circular mirror suspended from brackets on an upright by two wires of very unequal length. Slight tilting of the upright causes exaggerated motion of the mirror, and the spot of reflected light moved half an inch when a finger was laid on the marble window seat supporting the apparatus.

THERE are numerous hotels in New York where suites of rooms, consisting of bedroom, parlor, bathroom and one or two sitting rooms, cost \$200 to \$500 a week. This, of course, includes table service and a private dining room and attendance.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 309 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

ADVERTISEMENT.—"A Swiss hotel wants some Munich waiter girls in Tyrolean costume who can speak French."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 333 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

"Where you loaded?" "I suppose so; I found my pockets were rifled."—Binghamton Leader.

I CANNOT speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption. Mrs. FRANK MOORE, 315 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil" and a dull spirit at once.—Lavater.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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DESTRUCTIVE WINDS.

They Make Wreckage of Men's Precious Souls, or Level

The Tallest Growth of Human Vanity—Festilence That Comes on the Wings of the East Wind—Dr. Talmage's Lesson of the Tornado.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his text Sunday Exodus x., 13: "And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night."

The reference here is not to a cyclone, but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were blown in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind, and in all the 6,000 summers, autumns, winters, springs of the world's existence the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor-wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the world's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides and murders have been hatched out. I think I should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the church's piety, than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied: "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repealed him of his cruelties, repealed the enactments and was in good humor with all the world.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be. I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose dispositions do not seem to be affected by the changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying: "I am not a Christian because I do not feel exuberant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing to the wrong quarter and then say: "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air, get out of my house; get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness, horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth, here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when he told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, Wm. Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from indigestion of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide His face, and I trust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any

personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at His feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears.

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escaped it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman rose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollers. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollers and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick-room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you can not escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed him. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by an excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in your history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick-room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says with a snarl, "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow-horn, your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes in on horseback and goes away on foot. So horseback and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all your troubles. Again and again and again you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction now.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at random. Here is the promise: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the Tower of London the swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion flowers, and sunflowers, and bridal cakes, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel could be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting, most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. The Bible says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression, said: "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said: "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said, "If I should drop the child here it would dash his life out!" "Well, now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are? Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, His child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant. Give us plenty of sea room and we sail on and sail on; but after a while there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet:

"Change and decay on all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!"

The south wind of mild providence makes us throw off the cloak of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we can not understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corner of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health? What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from the world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insubstantial portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvass a shattered bottle, a cracked bell, an unstrung harp, a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down, a shipwreck, the horses of Phobos lying dead in the clouds, the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, and my picture is done. Then he added the broken palate of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, falling, moldering, lying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God and say: "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up others will give up? You have courage and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surren-

dered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching the harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still aloft. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long boat, pinnace, warfrigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed Him for the south wind, and blessed Him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless Him for the east wind?

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

CHARLES DICKENS, the younger, is seriously sick with acute dyspepsia and weakness of the heart.

REPORTS from the leading cities east and west indicate that Memorial day was more generally and enthusiastically celebrated this year than ever before.

DR. DOVER, the man for whom Dover's powders were named, was the finder of Alexander Selkirk on his lonely isle.

DR. J. W. WATTS, mayor of Lafayette, Ore., rather than sign the license papers of a liquor dealer, resigned his position.

ISAAC TATE, of Monroe county, Tenn., is in bed with the ninth case of measles, and wants to know where he can get another case.

The public schools of the United States cost annually about \$160,000,000. More than two-thirds of this vast sum is raised by local taxation.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WILSON is said to have received an offer of the presidency of a western college and may accept it when he leaves the cabinet.

A HARTFORD (Ct.) man who was put to sleep by hypnotic influence, awoke none the worse for having been without food or drink for five days, save for a loss of eight pounds.

The present king of Denmark was so poor during his early married life that he used to give drawing lessons under the rose in the families of the rich Frankfort merchants.

The diamonds in one symbol of the late shah's rank are said to weigh nearly twenty pounds. There is also a jeweled saber, valued at \$1,600,000. Another thing that the shah prized was a silver vase ornamented with 100 emeralds, whose equal, it is said, is not to be found in the world.

At a "beauty competition" in Paris the other day the three first prizes were awarded to three French actresses, and now the Parisians are indignant on discovering that one of the prize-winners is an American, another a Belgian and the third a Pole. This is the reverse of the famous beauty show at the Columbian exposition, where, it will be remembered, the typical beauties of forty nations were nearly all native Americans. When it comes to judging beauties a committee of awards is liable to be deceived by their looks.

MRS. WARREN, who recently served as foreman on a jury in Denver, says: "As a matter of interest to the public and particularly to ladies who in the future may be called upon to serve upon juries, I will say that in my own experience there has been nothing which should deter any lady from serving on a jury. No lady need fear to serve on a jury when called upon. I have been treated with every respect and consideration. The gentlemen were all very nice and unanimously chose me as their foreman, which place I accepted."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mr. Gladstone's political life, as represented in the pages of Punch, is soon to be published in London. He had been nine years in parliament before Punch appeared. The first pictures of him are by Richard Doyle and John Leech.

—It is said that President Kruger of the Transvaal republic had confined his readings to the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" until recently, when some one gave him one of Mark Twain's books. The humor of the American joker happened to hit the Boer ruler in the right place, and he has purchased a full set of Mr. Clemens' books.

—Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who is the projector of the Berlin Industrial exhibition, which was opened a few days ago, is a son of the famous "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, the cavalry leader. He is a third cousin and brother-in-law of the emperor of Germany, and is the richest member of the Hohenzollern family.

—The richest man in the world is said to be John B. Robinson, of South Africa. Eighteen years ago he kept a grocery store in the Orange Free State, and was in debt. He and his wife begged their way to Kimberley, where Robinson picked up a rough diamond worth \$1,216. This was the foundation of his fortune, which is now estimated at \$340,620,000.

—During some private theatricals at the Saxon court recently Crown Princess Frederiek took the part of a maid servant. The extremely realistic way in which she portrayed a vulgar young woman molesting and polishing a leather shoe brought her a reproof from the king himself, who said: "We are among ourselves, it is true, but even then a royal princess ought not to play so exactly the manners of a maid."

THE "APPLE KING" OF KANSAS.

How His Vast Orchards Are Planned and Successfully Managed.

"Judge Fred Wellhouse, of Leavenworth county, Kan., is reputed," says F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture, "to be the most extensive and probably the most successful individual apple grower in the United States and is known far and wide as the apple king. His orchards consist of 1,630 acres, the product in 13 years has been upward of 400,000 bushels and the varieties given chief precedence are: Ben Davis, 630 acres; Missouri pippin, 360 acres, and Gano, 100 acres. Mr. Wellhouse has just finished planting an additional 160 acres, and the success that has attended all his work makes his methods of much interest to anyone setting a considerable area in trees. As related by him in brief, his procedure, covering an experience of 20 years, is as follows:

"Using land in a good state of cultivation, as for other crops (preferably but not necessarily a northern exposure), rows north and south, 32 feet apart, are made by turning a straight plow furrow to the west and another to the east, say, 20 inches from first. The middle strip thus left is thrown out by another round with the plow, the last furrow being about ten inches deep. In the bottom of this dead furrow running a listing plow, with subsoiling attachments, and then cross-marking with any device to indicate the location for trees 16 feet apart in the rows completes the preparation of the ground.

"Thrifty two-year-old trees are considered best, although those a year older are not objectionable. These are taken up by a tree digger run ten to twelve inches deep. When the trees are delivered on the orchard land ready for planting, men distribute them at the cross-marks, and two work together in planting a row. One stands the tree in its place and spreads its roots out in their natural position, holding it, while the other shovels the finer soil over them. The man holding the tree constantly tramps the earth among and around the roots, until it will firmly hold the tree in an upright position. When the rows are thus made ready, a team hitched with short single trees to a plow follows, and in one round throws the adjacent earth back into the central furrow, filling it. In ten days or two weeks, when weeds begin to show, another round is made, turning a furrow two or three inches wide toward the tree and a little deeper than the first, covering all turned by the previous round. In a fortnight another narrow furrow is turned as before, as deep, and throwing the soil as far up on the edge as possible, with a view to smothering any weeds started in the tree row. This is repeated at two-week intervals until the middle of August, forming continuous beds of mellow earth or tree-rows about eight feet wide, elevated four to six inches above the adjacent surface, 12 to 15 inches deep and in superior condition for the reception of rains and a vigorous growth of the trees.

"If the plowing and covering have failed to keep the weeds in subjection, the larger ones are cut with hoes, but this is usually a light task. The following season cultivation is carried on by first plowing the soil from and later toward the trees, as in the preceding year, and for winter leaving the land in much the same condition as in the fall before. This cultivation is kept up until the trees are five or six years old, or in bearing, when the land is seeded to clover."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.
CHAS. E. HARRIS, Business Manager
and Associate Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, July 9, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congressman, Tenth District,
THOMAS Y. FITZPATRICK,
OF FLOYD COUNTY.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

THE doubtful and controlling states in the coming presidential election are given as follows: Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

Alonzo Walling has been sentenced to be hanged on August 7, but execution stayed for 60 days to give the court of appeals a chance at him.

HEAVY rains last Saturday washed away bridges on several railroads, and the town of Businessburg, Ohio, on the Ohio river, is almost entirely washed away.

THE Democratic convention is in session at Chicago, and the universal query seems to be, "What will the harvest be?" It's a wise head, indeed, that can forecast its foal.

A DOUBLE tragedy occurred near Adairville Saturday night in which H. H. Harmon, town marshal, shot and killed Wick Younger, and was in turn killed himself by the man to whom he had given a death wound.

Notwithstanding the fact that others have 16 to 1 better chances for the nomination, Capt. John H. McBrayer, of Lawrenceburg, the well-known distiller, has authorized the announcement that he is willing to bet 1,000 barrels of "Old McBrayer Whiskey" that Adlai Stevenson will be named for president by the national Democratic convention at Chicago.—Louisville Post.

A Word of Caution.

There will necessarily be much heated discussion while the contest is raging between the different candidates for the presidential nomination at Chicago. Good fighters fight hard and die hard. But in all the heat of controversy it should be constantly borne in mind that our enemies are not in our own camp, nor in any of the silver camps, but only in the ranks of the gold monometallists and their dupes. Whatever shall be the outcome of the convention, the nominee, when named, will represent the cause of the people in behalf of which a mighty revolution has been aroused mainly during the last 90 days. The victors must not exult over their less fortunate competitors, and the friends of all the vanquished must be generous, and show their superior devotion to principles by cordial support of the chosen candidate. Any man can be a cheerful winner, but it takes real manhood to bear defeat with dignity and good nature. Very little time should be wasted in discussion over the nomination after it is made. The business in hand will be to battle for the nominee.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lexington Chautauqua.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 3, 1896.

FRIEND COOPER:—Chautauqua grand, but tomorrow—"the Glorious Fourth"—promises to eclipse all former efforts. Horr will be here tonight; Harvey tomorrow a. m. Gold or silver will fly (?). Hope I may catch one, if not both. Would not object to a little (?) of either, would you? I will conduct the Magee-fin county institute the week beginning August 3rd; the Powell county institute the week beginning August 10. Haven't fixed dates for others yet.

Yours truly, W. H. CORD.

Later advices bring us the following from the same gentleman:

The 4th came. Horr was here and spoke upon the "Gold Standard"; Harvey was here and spoke upon "Bimetallism."

Well, if the great convention at Chicago this week would have Horr and

Harvey to speak, the gold men would have no trouble in controlling the whole of it. Harvey won men to the gold standard by his effort Saturday. He can't speak; he read from manuscript, and very poorly at that. He couldn't touch Horr's speech or arguments with a hundred-foot pole. His own followers were disgusted with him. He may be able to write a book, but he can't debate a national question. He may be able to make himself clearly understood in private, but he didn't do it before a large audience of representative Kentuckians. He may be a Democrat, but he can't define adequately his silver position.

HOG CHOLERA.

Prescription and Directions For a Successful Treatment of the Disease.

Dr. T. J. Dodge, of Hamilton, Ill., writes as follows to the Iowa Homestead on the subject of hog cholera:

"As the price of hogs is sufficiently high to pay the farmer to use every means of protecting them from the ravages of the cholera, I deem it my duty to give the public, free, my recipe for the cure of what is termed hog cholera. I have used this remedy for thirty-five years, and raised hogs on my ranch in Nebraska and never lost a hog.

"I have experimented by placing one well hog with a lot of sick ones, and keeping it well by the use of this remedy. You will confer a great favor upon the farmers of our country by publishing this recipe in full. I am now engaged in other business, and have been for sixteen years, and am willing to let others prosper by the long years of experience of mine with a remedy I discovered myself for the cure of this dreaded disease.

"The prescription and directions are as follows:

"Arsenic, one-half pound; cape aloes, one-half pound; blue vitriol, one-fourth of a pound; black antimony, one ounce. Grind and mix well the remedy before using.

"The following are the directions for using:

"1. Sick hogs in all cases to be separated from the well ones, and placed in dry pens with only five large hogs, or eight small ones, in each pen.

"2. Feed nothing but dry feed, but no water, only the slop containing the remedy until cured.

"3. When hogs refuse to eat turn them on their backs, and then with a long-handled spoon put the dry medicine down their throats.

"4. Dose for large hogs: One teaspoonful three times a day for three days, then miss one day and repeat amount until cured. Shoats or pigs give one-half the amount.

"5. As a preventative, one teaspoonful once a week will keep your hogs in a healthy condition to take on fat. I can place one well hog in a pen with 100 sick ones, and with this remedy keep him well.

"6. Let no other stock but hogs have access to this remedy, as it is to them a deadly poison."

Dr. Dodge adds that for many years he sold his recipe for \$5, and treated hogs at the rate of \$1 per head, paying the owner 10 cents a pound for all that died after treatment began.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

Oat harvest is on hand. Aunt Lindsay Cannoy, near town, died yesterday evening.

Miss Liza Henry, of Ezel, was visiting Miss Rosa Sample last week.

We are glad to learn that Berry Oldfield is so much better. Hope he will soon be out again.

Jo O'Rear, of Mt. Sterling, and Nerie Swetnam, of Owingsville, were in town last night. They are prospecting.

It was reported that most of the wool southwest of here was sent to the woolen mills in Tennessee to manufacture. But on last Wednesday one man alone brought from Red river to the Maytown machine 245 pounds of wool, so our people are still patronizing home industry.

An attempt was made last Saturday night about 11 o'clock by some person or persons to burn the store house of Wm. J. Lawson & Co., but as Providence would have it, Lee Patrick was returning from Sandfield, where he had been to prayer meeting, and raised the alarm in time to save the house. Two minutes longer the flames would have been out of reach of the bucket brigade. The house was well saturated with coal oil. About one square of weather boarding on the side and half square on end of that side burnt through and several horse collars hanging against the wall were burnt up. If the store house had burned the dwelling could not have been saved. In the demons' haste to get away a No. 1 two gallon stone jug, stopper made

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

out of an eight pound paper bag, was left. The owner can get jug by calling at W. J. Lawson's store, proving property, etc. The following gentlemen authorized us to say that they would pay the following reward for the one that touched the match or poured on the oil: W. J. Lawson & Co., \$50; Day & Co., \$25; R. A. Childers, \$10; four other citizens, \$20, total \$105. The money is ready.

July 7, 1896.

WINGLESS.

We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us on subscriptions, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why: YOU ARE IN ARREARS!

Farmers are complaining of too much wet weather, which retards plowing.

Store House For Rent.

I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent. John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and address G. B. SWANGO, May 6, 1896. Hazel Green, Ky.

Wm. McKinley

Agents wanted to sell the Life and Speeches of McKinley, with Proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, Platform of Party and other valuable information. 320 pages, with 20 full page illustrations. Price, \$1.00; half morocco, \$1.50. SIXTY PER CENT DISCOUNT TO AGENTS. Send 30 cents for Prospectus and full particulars, and go to work at once. You can sell 200 copies in your town. Address J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose street, New York. 12-19.

DAILY HACK LINE

O— BETWEEN —O

Hazel Green and Torrent.

One Hack leaves each place every morning (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock.

FARE \$1.00 EACH WAY,

payable in advance at my offices in Hazel Green and Torrent. Intermediate points in proportion to distance, or 5c per mile.

25c Baggage, Merchandise and Express, 50 cents per 100 pounds.

TWO LIVERY STABLES.

One at Torrent and one at Hazel Green, both of which are supplied with good stock and rigs for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Special attention to the accommodation of commercial travelers, and parties conveyed to any point on reasonable terms. Soliciting the patronage of the public, I am, respectfully, etc.,

J. TAYLOR DAY.

CREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,
And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. But Bring the Cash With You When You Come! One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at \$7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at \$4.99, and worth \$10 and \$12, at \$3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at \$2, worth \$5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

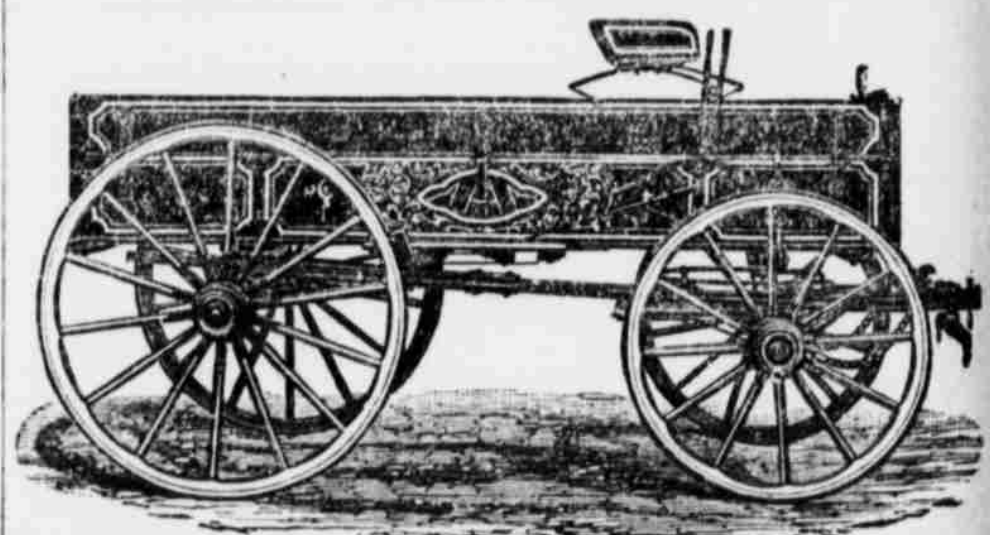
LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,
HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

PIERATT'S LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

H. F. PIERATT, Proprietor.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY HOUSE

Special care taken of teams for Commercial Travelers. Parties conveyed to any point on liberal terms. Patronage of the public respectfully solicited. H. F. PIERATT.



Bowling Green Business College
THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS.
RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.
CATALOGUE JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Bnd. Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

Joe O'Rear, of Mt. Sterling, was here this week buying sheep.

Dona Patrick, of Salyersville, was a guest of the Day House this week.

Jesse M. Oldfield, of Grassy creek, was a visitor at THE HERALD office Tuesday.

Morgan French and wife (nee Minnie Mapel), are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Neri Swetnam, of Reynoldsville, Bath county, is visiting relatives and friends in this section.

Judge Amos Davis, with Bettman Bros. & Co., was at the Day House Monday and Tuesday.

Calvin Stamper, of Grassy, paid THE HERALD a pleasant call on Tuesday and renewed his subscription.

Miss Lucy McGuire, of St. Helena, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Cora Andre, (nee McGuire) of this place.

Charley Keyser, with C. P. Tracy & Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, was a guest of the Day House Monday night.

Dr. Taulbee reports Miss Lillie Rose, Johnnie Clear, infant child of Beatty Gamble, and Mrs. Crook Coldiron as very sick.

What you want when you are ailing is a medicine that will cure you. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be convinced of its merit.

Miss Vina Puckett, of Upper Long Branch, died last Friday and was buried Saturday. She was a sister-in-law to Squire Amburn.

THE HERALD office was graced with a pleasant visit from Calvin Stamper, of Goodwin's Chapel, and his daughter, Miss Mollie, last Tuesday.

Miss Florence Quicksall has secured the Amyx school, above Daysboro, which has 85 scholars enrolled, and will begin teaching on the 27th inst.

John Allen, of White Oak, passed through here Tuesday with a bunch of 108 sheep for the Mt. Sterling market, and about the best lot seen in this section for quite awhile.

On account of the wool trade at this place Tuesday there was quite a crowd in town, and all seemed satisfied with both the price of wool and the goods in which it was paid for.

Rev. Hunter, of West Liberty, and Dr. Gevedon, of Goodwin's chapel, will preach the funerals of Mrs. S. W. Cecil, wife of Uncle Sam Cecil, and Rush F. Cecil, son of Ed. F. Cecil, at Goodwin's chapel on the third Sunday (July 19) in this month.

At the Union Sunday-school picnic held at the Seminary grove on Stillwater last Saturday there were about 700 people in attendance and enough "dinner on the ground" to feed 2,000. Several speeches were made, among the speakers being A. F. Byrd, Esq., Benj. Sewell, Bill Chambers and others. Good order prevailed throughout the entertainment.

Will Hampton, of Breathitt county, secured over 1,000 pounds of wool at this place Tuesday, for which he paid 32 cents per pound in goods—jeans, flannels, blankets, etc. He is agent for W. T. Parham & Sons, Maryville, Tenn., to whom the wool is shipped. In addition to the amount secured at this place he got some 800 or 900 pounds at Lee City, in this county.

The Hazel Green fair for 1896 promises to eclipse all former records in point of interest. The seventh annual exhibit will begin on Tuesday, August 25, and continue four days. The Hazel Green fair is justly famous throughout Eastern Kentucky and none of its exhibitions has ever proved a failure or disappointment. The premiums are unusually liberal and the purses are among the largest ever offered. Nobody can afford to miss the great Hazel Green fair.

Abe Short, or Brooks, who shot Gus McKenzie at West Liberty on Monday week, was tried in the Morgan circuit court last Friday and Saturday and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, fixing Short's punishment at death by hanging. Later it was learned that two of the jurors, the Caudill boys, were distant relatives of McKenzie's wife and that two others were related to Short. The judge, learning these facts, announced that he would take testimony in the case, and if the evidence developed the facts, he would call a new jury and grant the condemned man a new trial at this term of court, which it is presumed he did.

In passing along the street Tuesday THE HERALD man noticed a couple of boys in earnest conversation, and listening heard the elder one, a precocious youth of six summers, remark to his younger brother, who has passed through the frost line of three years, "We will gink this and get on a gunk," whereupon he proceeded to empty some water from a large into a small bottle, and then they drank as amateur drunkards. Who says or dares to say, that sin is not inborn. Else why does a child take on sinful habits without a tutor?

Frank Havens, who travels for Ryland & Auxier, Cincinnati, was a guest of the Day House yesterday, and while at dinner made the remark "There are only two things I can't eat for dinner." The inquiry as to what that might be was promptly met by the reply, "supper and breakfast," but our informant is of the opinion that had Mr. F. held on a little while he would have taken in supper, at least.

Japanese Oil is said to be the most wonderful liniment for external application that scientific chemists have yet been able to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this, as it has saved both life and expense. Sold at this office at 50 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a household necessity and always "a friend in need."

"Politics is h—!" undoubtedly, but several of our citizens recently arraigned before the police tribunal of this village also declare that its proceedings are h—!, alleging, among other things, that there is too much preference in the proceedings. Pour oil on the troubled waters, gentlemen, and try to quiet the storm.

Get your produce ready for the fair if you wish to capture a premium. Do not wait until the exhibition closes and then say, "Had I known there would be nothing better than that I would have won the premium." Go in, lemons, if you do get squeezed, is the only way to win in a contest of this kind.

We call special attention to the hog cholera remedy published elsewhere in our paper. Taylor Johnson, one of our nearby citizens and farmers, tried it on a hog that had not eaten anything for two days, and after one dose the sick hog was the first to feed, and has since been in perfect health.

Our agent at Lykins, Magoffin county, is respectfully reminded that THE HERALD must be included in the subscription to secure the advantage of our reduced rates. Any foreign paper will be furnished at the list price but we cannot make a cut only where THE HERALD is included.

The Methodists were out in force Tuesday to clean up their church preparatory to a protracted meeting soon to commence under the auspices of Rev. Horace Cockrell, Bro. Johnson and others.

John Gambill and J. M. Ferguson, of the Open fork of Paint, in Morgan county, were here Tuesday night as guests of Beatty Gambill. They were en route to Campton, where Mr. Gambill is to be examined for eligibility as a pensioner.

Three of the sons of Ack Lacy, living on Lacy creek, have been confined to their beds with fever for twenty or more days, but under treatment of Dr. Nickell, of this place, are now on the mend and in a fair way to recover.

Among the guests at the Swango Springs Hotel we notice Mrs. L. M. Hunter, Mrs. M. G. Asbury, and Miss Hattie Devire, of Covington, and Mr. and Mrs. George Secrest, of Cynthia.

Mrs. Nannie Clark, of this place, had the misfortune one day this week to fall from the steps at the rear of her home and severely bruise her right arm, but at this writing is getting along nicely.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a boy to the wife of Bill McReynolds, on Grassy, on Friday last. Dr. Nickell says he was a bouncer and must have weighed 12 pounds or over.

Next week will be given the first installment of "A Desperate Encounter," a story founded on facts, and which occurred in Breathitt county. It is from the pen of Slocum.

Jethro Davis is now chief engineer on one of the hacks between this place and Torrent.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Gaines Cole, of West Liberty, was in town Monday.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET. LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.
GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

MUST BE PAID UP.

We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us in subscriptions, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why; **YOU ARE IN ARREARS!**

WOLFE COUNTY.

Spradling Spangles.

Born, to the wife of John Phillips, a girl.

Thos. K. Tutt, sr., went to Campton Monday on business.

H. B. Crawford is in Breathitt county on business this week.

W. B. Brown preached at the Bethel school house Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Frank Phillips, of Grassy, passed thro' here Saturday en route from Campton, where he had been on business.

John and Pearl Gosney, son and daughter of C. H. Gosney, of Maytown, are visiting relatives at this place this week and will return home the first of next.

We have received a letter from Rev. Frank Ager, of Carscane, Texas, stating that he will be at Bethel August 1 and wants to hold a camp meeting in the grove. We will all be pleased to have Bro. Ager in our midst once more and will expect a big time.

There were religious services held at Will Brewer's Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. Abner Trent conducting the meeting. A large and well behaved audience was present and God's power was greatly manifested. Among those who attended from this neighborhood were Misses Nannie & Clara Brown, Belle & Pearl Fuls, and James Combs, Joe Brown and Joe Houndshell.

June 29. PHEAEDA JANE.

Think it Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

Blackberry harvest will be over in a few days.

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the state of Kentucky and Wolfe county, for the years 1894 and 1895, I or one of my deputies will on MONDAY, the 3d DAY OF AUGUST, 1896, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in the town of Campton, Wolfe county, Ky., it being county court day, expose at public sale to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, the following real estate, or so much thereof as will be necessary to satisfy the following tax and costs on same, to-wit:

Waller Tipton, 182 acres of land, adjoining Holly Nickell, District No. 1, for balance on the year 1894, tax and cost, \$15.57.

D. M. McGuire, 127 acres of land, adjoining R. T. Drakes, District No. 3, for the year 1895, tax and cost, \$4.71.

G. W. Maloney, 130 acres of land, adjoining Lige Kidd, District No. 5, for the year 1895, total tax and cost, \$6.93.

This 6th day of July, 1896.
S. H. WILSON, S. W. C.
By J. K. COCKERHAM, D. S.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.
J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

H. F. PIERATT

Will sell you

FLOUR,
SUGAR,
COFFEE,

At the following prices:

White Pearl Flour, \$2.20 per hundred.

Arbuckle Coffee, 20 cents a pound.

Granulated Sugar, 6 1-4 cts. a pound.

All other goods in proportion. Come and see me. I will make you happy, and you will feel like life is worth living. I will sell you some of your goods or some other man will give them to you. This means a Cash transaction. Don't ask for credit.

Respectfully.

H. F. PIERATT.

HAZEL : GREEN : ACADEMY.

Normal and Preparatory School.

"The Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky."

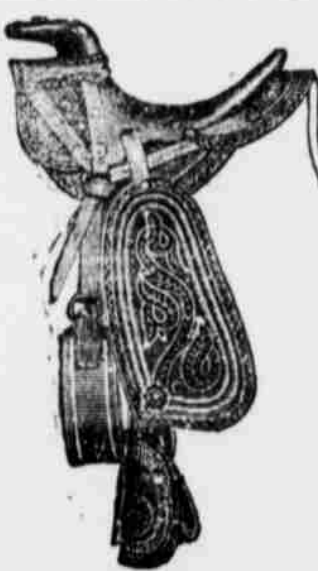
The Next Session Begins September 1, 1896.

Full Courses Sustained in Every Department. Expenses the Lowest; Discipline the Firmest; Instruction Thorough.

Special Courses in Bible, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Drawing; also Business.

HERE is the best opportunity in the mountains to obtain an education at a small cost. Catalogue and particulars.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.



A NEW ENTERPRISE!

Having sold my Stable I have gone into the

SADDLERY & HARNESS BUSINESS.

And ask the patronage of the community. I make and repair all kinds of Harness and saddles, and my prices are as low as the lowest.

JOHN H. PIERATT.

I. DINGFELDER, WITH
J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY : GOODS : AND : NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—

West Main Street
LOUISVILLE, KY.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
per month by a harmless treatment by practical physician of 20 years' experience. No bad effects or detention from business. No starving, wrinkles or babbiness. Improves general health and beautifies complexion. Physicians and society ladies endorse it. Thousands cured.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL
confidentially. For particulars address, with stamp, DR. SNYDER, 100 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

A. HOWARD STAMPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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A SONG OF LEONA.

The blossoms are sweet round her beautiful feet—
Leona, Leona, Leona!
And the bluest of skies are not blue as her eyes—
Leona, Leona, Leona!
And never was light
Of a gold moon at night
As silken and soft as her tresses so bright,
Nor ever a pearl, or a snowflake as white
As the beautiful hands of Leona!
I hear the birds singing—but never a bird
Sings as sweet as Leona, Leona!

There is music in every enchanting, sweet word
That falls from the lips of Leona!
And never dawned day
In December or May,
But her lips kissed the violets over my way,
And the lilies bent low, and the winds
Seemed to pray
For the steps of Leona, Leona!

O doves o'er the wheat fields and larks in the loam,
Sing sweet of Leona, Leona!
Of the lights in the beautiful windows of home

That were lit by the hands of Leona!
Sing sweet of her eyes
That have mirrored God's skies,
And her smile that's a morning of rosy surprise:
Sing sweet, as my heart shall still sing till it dies,
Of Leona, Leona, Leona!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

LOVE IS BLIND.

Feathery palm trees, banks of flowers, softly-hued fairy lamps and delicious strains of ever-changing music, all these go to make up enchantment!

So, at least, thought Lord Ronald d'Esterre.

He had but just returned from a two years' sojourn in the heart of Africa, a sojourn filled with dangers and privations; his years numbered but five-and-twenty, he was possessed of a well-knit, spry frame and a keen, clear eye; and he had come back from his travels with fame, courage and endurance, but without a penny that he could call his own.

What was next to be done? This was the problem that filled all his spare thoughts. His elder brother had fitted him out for his expedition with the polite intimation that the act was a virtual washing of his hands of the superfluous cadet; his aunts had kissed him so warmly at parting that he was amazed to find them "not at home" when he returned to London; his godfather had given him a twenty pound note and such a hearty farewell, that it was bewildering to be cut by him when they met once more in the club smoking-room. "It really seems as if they wish I had never come back!" said the young man to himself, with a smile at the incredible idea; but as time passed on his smiles died away, and he ground his teeth savagely as he realized that his relations had thought it a good investment to lay out £500 and an infinity of farewell in the hope of getting quit of a troublesome incubance. The thought was a bitter one, and in his first fury he vowed to leave his native shores by the next ship, and never return to them again. But upon the heat of his passion there fell a cooling breath, as if from heaven itself, and the lion was straightway changed into a lamb. Lord Ronald d'Esterre had been accustomed so long to be looked upon as a "detrimental" that at first he scarcely dared to show the attraction that lay for him in Violet Harvey's appealing gray eyes and soft, shining hair. To his amazement, however, he found that obstacles melted away miraculously at his approach. Violet herself was shy and retiring, it is true, but her mother smiled sweetly upon him and her father shook him warmly by the hand.

Was ever man so blessed before? "True love does run smooth sometimes, after all!" he said to himself on this bright June evening, as he walked homeward after a meeting with Mrs. Harvey in the park.

"Shall you be at Lady Chesterford's party to-night?" she had said. "Violet and I are going, and we shall be disappointed if we do not see you."

His honest face had glowed with delight as she spoke, and he seemed to be treading on air as he walked away.

"Even Aunt Maria has taken me back into favor again," he thought; "she was horribly cross when I first came home, but now she is sugared again whenever I come near her. I dare say it was all my fault, though. I know that I was an ill-conditioned brute until Violet came to soften me!"

Lady Maria's flowered headdress was the first object that met Lord Ronald's eyes when he entered his hostess' crowded drawing-rooms that evening, and somewhat to his surprise it was in close proximity to Mrs. Harvey's frizzled gray head.

"I should not have thought that Aunt Maria would have anything to do with her," he reflected. "She always says she can detect the faintest tincture of trade and she must know perfectly well that Mr. Harvey made his money in malt."

At this very moment, however, he caught sight of Violet, and forgetting all else, he elbowed his way eagerly through the crowd, until he reached her side.

It might have been only fancy, but at any rate it seemed to him that her welcome was a warmer one than she had ever given him before, and his heart beat faster as he bent over her.

"Will you not come into the conservatory?" he said, pleadingly; "it is so hot here."

She rose without a word, and they walked away together.

"Do you know that it is only six weeks since I first saw you?" he said. "I can hardly believe it myself, for it seems as if I had known you all my life."

He had an idea even as he spoke that he had seen the remark in almost every love story that he had ever read, but he could not refrain from uttering it, for it seemed so exact an expression of his feelings. Violet, too, had probably heard it before, but from Ronald's lips it sounded absolutely new, and her long eyelashes drooped lower upon her cheek as she listened.

They were walking between banks of flower and fern, and the silence between them was too sweet to be broken at once; but Ronald knew that their solitude might be disturbed at any moment, and rousing himself from his dream he had just opened his lips to speak, when a voice from some hidden speaker came plainly to their ears.

"It is almost certain to come off to-night. I got him an invitation on purpose."

Ronald started; it was Lady Maria's voice, but he had not the remotest idea to what she was alluding. In another moment, however, she received her answer and it was Violet's turn to start, for it came in her mother's accents:

"We shall be only too grateful to you if it does come off, for her papa and I have always set our hearts on her marrying a lord. The very minute that Violet tells me he has proposed, the check shall be sent to you."

Ronald drew back a step, his cheek growing pale beneath its bronze; his hands clenched involuntarily, and for a moment Violet expected to see him dash out upon the conspirators; but their voices were already receding in the distance, and as he looked around he saw the anguish in her face.

"Violet, Violet!" he cried, seizing her hands in his, "you know nothing of this! I swear it with my dying breath!"

She drew her hands away, and turned to escape, but he followed her.

"I have not much to offer," he said, "but all I have is at your feet."

She quickly looked up, and a light of gratitude came into her eyes.

"How good you are," she said.

Ronald looked at her in bewilderment; the words were not what he had expected.

"You do not understand," he said. "I want you to be my wife."

"I do understand," she answered, gently, "and I honor you for asking me, after what has happened; but I will not take advantage of your generosity."

"It is not generosity," cried Ronald, "it is sheer selfishness!"

But Violet showed no signs of yielding.

"I will not leave you unless you tell me one thing," said Ronald. "If your heart is free, I claim it; but if not, I will never trouble you again. Violet, tell me, do you love anyone?"

She looked at him with a face that grew pale under his gaze.

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"That is enough," said Ronald, hoarsely, and dropping her hand he turned and went.

"It is strange how ungrateful young people are!" remarked Lady Maria, a few days later, to the friends gathered around her tea table. "I had arranged a most suitable match for my nephew, really done everything in my power to promote it; and yet he actually came here the other day and used the most terrible language—said that I had spoiled his life, and all kinds of dreadful things; and now he has gone off abroad, nobody knows where. I am sure I only hope that I shall never see him again."

Lady Maria's wish seemed likely to be fulfilled, for five long years came and went, bringing no news of Ronald; and though five years could not take the bloom from her cheek, nor the gold from her hair, they could, and did add very materially to the infirmities of her frame. But when at last he did reappear, she was willing to overlook the past in spite of her resentment, for Ronald had found his way into a profitable foreign partnership, and instead of fame he brought back money.

"One of the best things I ever did for you was getting you out of that entanglement!" she exclaimed fervently when they met, for Lady Maria came of military stock, and she knew that one of the most successful maneuvers is to carry war into your enemy's quarters.

Ronald shot a glance at her from under his dark eyebrows, but said nothing, and she continued gayly:

"Mr. Harvey went bankrupt a year or two after you went away, and they are quite in poor circumstances now. That upstart girl waits upon the lodgers, I believe."

"You don't say so!" remarked Ronald.

"Where are they living?"

"In Worthing," said Lady Maria, deceived by his coolness. "Lady Hennington was there last month, and she told me that she saw Mrs. Harvey on the parade, and that the woman actually had the audacity to speak to her! Can you believe it?"

"I don't know," said Ronald; "but I am going to Worthing this afternoon, and I shall see whether she will speak to me!"

"Oh, my dear boy!" cried Lady Maria, in genuine distress. "Pray, pray don't do anything foolish! You have no idea how designing poor people are—" but here she ceased, for the sound of the

loudly closing door informed her that she was alone.

"But why did you send me away?" said Ronald, a few hours later, as he and Violet stood together under the stars, and heard the waves beating upon the beach.

"Because I thought, after what we overheard, you felt yourself bound to say what you did out of consideration for me."

"So your pride came in the way, my little one! Don't you know that pride is one of the deadly sins? However, I can't preach to you now, because I want to ask you another question. If you really have loved me all along, why did you tell such a dreadful lie?"

"A lie!" exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, a lie; a regular big black one! When I asked you if you had loved anyone, you said yes. Now then, confess at once, because I'm not going to let you off!"

He held her away from him so that he could look into her face, and waited inexorably for her answer.

"I saw that you would not listen to any other objection," she said, "and I thought that you were sacrificing yourself, and so—"

"Yes, I know all that," he interrupted; "but you had no business to say what you did! Unless, of course, there really was someone? Come now, tell me."

A flush came over her face, and as she raised her eyes he could see her tears shining in the starlight; he grasped her hands more firmly in his now, and looked down at her from the height of his six feet.

She tried to speak, but her quivering voice would not be controlled, and with a great wave of love surging in his heart, he drew her close to him.

"Who was it?" he whispered.

She turned to hide her face upon his shoulder, and breathed her answer into his ear bent down to catch it.

"You dear, blind boy, it was you!"—Household Words.

HINDOO BARBERS.

Perform Many Other Duties Beside Shaving and Hair-Cutting.

The barber of India is a man of much importance. He has no shop and does not solicit customers by signs or symbols; neither does he worry his customers while shaving or cutting their hair with useless talk. The Hindoo barber is a man of few words. His principle is a silent tongue and strict attention to business. If the tourist in India observes closely the stream of life, seen on the streets, he will now and then notice a man of quiet demeanor strolling along, near the bazaars, carrying a small bag or a rolled-up bundle under his arm, apparently not very solicitous of the attention of the passers-by. This is the Hindoo barber. He does not, like his Chinese compeer, ring a bell or utter any cry. Quietly he goes along more like a philosopher than a shaver of men. But, despite the fact that he has no shop and lacks pomp, he, however, holds a distinguished position among his countrymen.

The Hindoo barber visits certain families regularly every morning early. The servant announces his presence and he comes in with a salām and a "morning habit." You sit down comfortably out on the veranda. The barber unrolls his little bundle, displaying two or three razors, a pair of scissors, a small iron instrument to cut the nails, a piece of leather for stropping and a little brass cup, which he fills with cold water—hot water is rarely used. He carries no brush for lathering the face. In the country towns he does not even use soap. After stropping the razor he wets your face and commences his shaving operations. A few light touches of the razor, hardly felt, and the whole thing is done in less time than it takes to tell it. After shaving he rubs the palm of his hand over your face two or three minutes. In this manner he polishes your face to such a degree that you are surprised when you look in the glass; in fact, your own face would make a fairly good looking-glass for some other person.

After cleaning your nails he rolls up his bundle and departs with a low salām. Not a word has been uttered by him during all this time. For his daily services he receives 7 cents a month. A single shave is one cent, and the charge for hair cutting is from two to four cents.

The barber is also the village surgeon. He performs bleeding, cupping and sometimes undertakes surgical operations. It is he who bores the girls' ears and noses for putting in rings. Where there are no professional match-makers the barber acts as a go-between in marriages. No religious rite can be performed without the presence of the family barber. At the birth of a child the barber carries the good news to the relatives of the family. He plays an important part at a wedding, it being his duty to dress the groom. On the occasion of a funeral the barber shaves the heads of the living and the dead. So great is his power and influence in religious ceremonies that a Hindoo mourner is not considered clean until he is touched by a barber. Though of a very low caste, yet the Hindoo barber's position brings him at times second only to the high-caste Brahmin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Lapdog beagles are the descendants of ordinary beagles, reduced in size by careful breeding.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

McKinley's Conduct Should Be a Warning to the People.

Maj. McKinley will not talk. Hanna's padlock continues to keep his mouth closed. But the major has been sending out clippings. The clipping bureau is at work. A friend in Boston received a clipping from a Chicago paper, "addressed in McKinley's hand," which reports McKinley as saying in Thomasville, Ga.: "I would not run on a free silver platform."

It is a pity, for the sake of the whole truth, that the major did not accompany this clipping with another, containing an interview with himself, in which he repudiates the report of the Thomasville statement, and characterizes the report as "absurd." Now why does McKinley scatter absurd reports among his friends?

But the bare opposition to free silver coinage is far from a sufficient guarantee that McKinley is for sound currency. The Sherman silver purchase law was not a free silver measure. It was the most absurd and unscientific currency measure that ever disgraced our country. It brought distress and ruin upon thousands. It bred a panic from which we have not yet recovered, because the business world remembers the Sherman law, and fears a recurrence of the statesmanship that gave it to us. Not since the crazed French revolutionists issued paper money secured by the confiscated estates, has such a foolish, dangerous scheme been tried as the Sherman silver purchase law. Both were sad, costly, deplorable experiments.

McKinley was the advocate and the defender of the Sherman silver pur-

THE SILENCE OF M'KINLEY.

Conduct Unbecoming a Man of Truth and Honor.

If Mr. McKinley has a true friend, the friend should say to him: "Those that tell you that self-respect requires you to be silent do not treat you fairly. They trifle with your good name. You obtain support in the silver camp on the assurance of your spokesmen that you will not stand in the way of free silver coinage. You obtain support in the gold camp on the assurance of your spokesmen that you are for the gold standard. If you remain silent, somebody will surely be cheated. If, after your nomination, you come out for the gold standard, the silver men who supported you will have been cheated. If you come out for silver, your gold standard supporters will have been cheated. If you come out for a 'straddle,' both will have been cheated, for a half-way measure will not practically be permitted to result in free coinage or the silver basis; it will not be sufficient to increase the price of silver; but it will be sufficient to obstruct the establishment of a sound money system, and thus to prevent the restoration of confidence and prosperity. By knowingly permitting this cheating to be done in your name, you make the act your own. Thus the case is a very simple one. A man of truth and honor in your position will easily understand that true self-respect does not forbid him honestly to speak out, but does forbid him to obtain support for the highest honor in the republic under false pretences. And you need hardly be told that obtaining things of value under false pretences has, among decent people, a very ugly name."

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.



HE—Whose little girl is oo? SHE—It's oo's.—Buffalo Courier.

chase law. He has never said one word to discourage the notion that he still believes in doing something of the same kind for silver. Even if he should declare himself against free silver, he would still be far, far away from a gold standard and a sound currency system. Even a declaration for the gold standard would be insufficient, for it would bear no promise of a reform of our disordered currency laws, which compels the United States treasury to perform the functions of a bank, without the bank's resources. The treasury must keep up an endless chain of redemption, for which it must continually borrow gold.

Not only is it necessary for a sound money candidate to be distinctly opposed to free silver coinage and emphatically in favor of the gold standard, but he must be absolutely free from dangerous tendencies towards the silver interests, either as an industrial or as a political factor. Besides, he should have the statesmanship to correct the disorders which now afflict our currency system.

Is William McKinley such a man? Can any pledge or platform be proclaimed that will inspire the business world with confidence that William McKinley is a sound money man, or that he is fit to be trusted in the present emergency, which is indeed great? Can William McKinley be trusted? Can anyone surmise what McKinley might do?—Utica Observer.

The dissolution of the firm of Quay, Platt & Clarkson has been announced. It now looks as if a new partnership may be established under the firm name of Hanna & Quay.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

—If there was a two-thirds rule on the republican side, Blaine would not have been nominated in 1884. McKinley has no two-thirds in sight. And Blaine was defeated at the polls!—Albany Argus.

This candid friend may, perhaps, also call Mr. McKinley's attention to the fact that the prospect of the election to the presidency of a man whose attitude is one of systematic deceit, and thus prolongs the uncertainty clouding the future of our money system, is even now actually injuring the credit of the country abroad, depressing our securities in all markets, and discouraging business enterprise at home.—Harper's Weekly.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—With McKinley in the field it is vain to talk of a straight money issue. The shadow of McKinleyism obscures everything else.—St. Louis Republic.

—By maintaining a persistent silence Mr. Quay proves himself a convert to one conspicuous element of the McKinley policy.—Washington Star.

—McKinley stands on his financial record," declares the Tribune. This would be a physical impossibility. Perhaps he is able to hop about on his financial record.—N. Y. Journal.

—McKinley is all sorts of a man. He has told the free-coinage men that he is for free coinage, the gold-standard men that he is for the gold standard, the "sound" money men that he is for "sound" money, and everybody else that he is for everything else.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Perhaps if Mr. McKinley is positively unable to make up his mind how to say on the subject of the currency he would prefer to change the subject to the trusts. Does he think the law ought to be enforced against them regardless of their possible contribution to his campaign fund?—N. Y. World.

—Maj. McKinley's silence on the money question is being interpreted as a sign that he is a silver man by eastern republicans, while the west suspects that it means a loyalty to the silver standard faction. Mark Hanna's name is not yet nominated and it may be discovered that a man may talk too much.—Denver Times.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FOR POULTRY RAISERS.

Some Excellent Suggestions Copied from an English Farmers' Journal.

Always carefully look over your flock once a day, and if you see any birds mopey or dropping their wings, remove them then and there, as one ill bird may affect all the rest.

Always keep some Epsom salts and sweet oil by you, as you may want them at any moment.

Always give just enough food at one time, that it will all be eaten up; none should be left lying round.

Always give as great a variety of food as possible; constant change of diet is the way to get the chickens on.

Always give your birds a little hempseed and cooked meat when moulting.

Always keep the floors of the houses and coops well covered with sand or ashes.

Always rake the droppings off every morning. Cleanliness is a great preventive of sickness.

Always keep a sharp lookout for vermin, and eradicate them as quickly as possible.

Always do little odd jobs that want doing at once. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and often a nail here or a tack there will save an hour's work.

Always buy your food in as large quantity as possible, as you will then generally be able to get it at a cheaper rate.

Always keep a strict account of all you buy or sell. By treating your hobby in a thoroughly business way, you will derive greater pleasure by seeing exactly how much profit you have earned.

Always be particular when writing a description of what you have to sell to intending purchaser; this often saves a lot of unpleasantness.

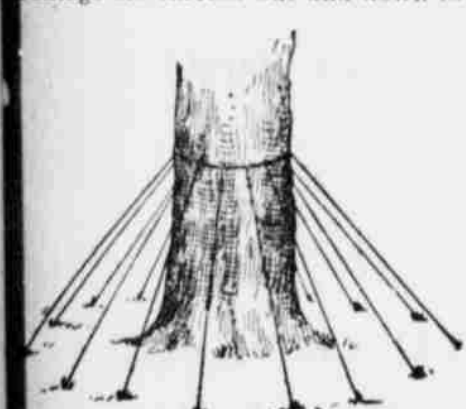
Always remember that promptness in replying to letters is the way to secure customers.

Always bear in mind that by continually advertising you bring your name before the public, and thereby build up a substantial business.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

Support for Sweet Peas Which Produces Excellent Results.

A bed of sweet peas about a tree trunk can be trained satisfactorily in the manner suggested in the accompanying illustration. A stout bit of cord is tied about the trunk some three feet from the ground, and from equal spaces about the strings are carried out and down to



the ground, where they are secured by pegs driven into the ground, these pegs forming a perfect circle about the tree. When the plants have secured a hold on the strings and have come to blossoming, the effect will be very pleasing and attractive.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Water Cress for Profit.

Water cress can be made to pay if vegetable can. If you have the right facilities, i. e., a piece of ground that can be covered from one to six inches deep, with cool, gently-flowing water, you will have no difficulty in producing large amounts of this popular green. The most work connected with it, indeed, is to cut and tie it in bunches. A spring meadow with a clay subsoil is a good location for a crop. To start it, all that is required is to stick some slips or cuttings into the mud or sand that is kept lightly covered with water, or to sow some seed into the moist soil on the edges of running streams. The plant is so easily grown that it is a wonder it is not found more frequently on farmer's premises. It is worthy of more attention. In some cases, a piece of ground that has some water, might be terraced and arranged for growing water cresses in beds one above another, the water flowing from one to the other.—Practical Farmer.

Painfulness of Dehorning.

Before the cow became domesticated she ran with the wild animals, and was some use for the horns as a means of defense for herself and young. To-day they have no possible use; on the contrary, they do much harm. Why not take them off? The unheated objector will say it is a cruel operation. I do not pretend to say it does not hurt, but I do say it does not hurt more than it does a person to have a tooth pulled, and I am sure the hurt of the two operations is similar in being painful only while the operation lasts. I have seen the cow come back after the work was done, clean up the feed she was first fed in with.—E. N. Norton, in Farm Review.

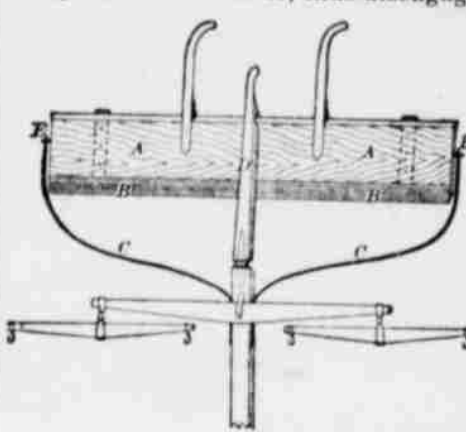
When you get a good brood sow keep as long as she will bring a good lot of pigs.

In the orchard thorough cultivation during the early stages of growth.

BARN-YARD SCRAPER.

How to Make One That Does Not Dig Into the Ground.

For cleaning off a barnyard when dirty there is nothing better than a scraper so constructed as not to dig into the ground. A cheap and serviceable one may be made by almost any farmer. Take an inch board (A A in cut) four feet long, and 12 to 16 inches wide. The side arms (C C) reach from the tongue to hooks or pivots (E E), as depicted. The handles are fastened to be in comfortable reach when the scraper is vertical, or nearly so. The object is to scrape the top merely, instead of thrusting into the ground, as a scraper is contrived to do. A lever (D), which is hinged to back end of tongue, and provided with a notch at the proper point, will hold the scraper in an upright position. When the load is to be dumped, raise the lever, thus disengag-



ing its hold on the notch, whereupon the scraper will turn forward with the handles on arms (C C). If board A has a thickness of only one inch, it will be necessary to strengthen it with cross-battens, as shown by dotted lines. But the whole thing should be made as light as possible, consistent with the requisite strength.—G. W. Waters, in St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

ABOUT STREAKY BUTTER.

Unequal Distribution of Salt Is Its Most Frequent Cause.

The most frequent cause of streaky or mottled butter is an unequal distribution of the salt. Where shallow setting is used if the milk stands too long a time in a dry atmosphere before skimming, some of the cream may become so thick and hard that it never becomes thoroughly mixed with the rest and is imperfectly churned. This may cause streaks. Unequal ripening of the cream may possibly cause streaks. Suppose the cream in the cream jar is very cold and thick. The housewife sets the jar, in very cold weather, near the stove to have it warm up. She is busy and does not keep it properly stirred. One side of the cream gets warm and ripened and the rest does not. The result is possibly streaky butter. Such things have happened. Now, the remedy for all these troubles is to have the cream all ripened alike, with no thick hard chunks of cream in it. Then churn at as low a temperature as can be done without taking too long a time. Then the butter will come in fine granular form. Stop the churn when the granules are fine like clover seed, or at most not larger than kernels of wheat. Draw off the buttermilk and wash the butter while in this granular state. Mix in fine sifted salt evenly through the whole. Let it stand at a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees for four to six hours, or long enough for the salt to dissolve. Then work and pack it. The salting must be done while the butter has plenty of moisture in it, then the salt will steadily dissolve. Work a little when the salt is first put in. If there are any streaks caused by the salt changing the color of the butter they will disappear in the second working.—C. P. Goodrich, in Prairie Farmer.

ABOUT COLD STORAGE.

Why Every Farm Should Have a Small Plant of Its Own.

The cold storage business is taking on immense proportions. Its development in the principal cities of the country has been nothing less than phenomenal of late years. And now cold storage warehouses are being erected at country shipping points. In some cases they are put up by the farmers themselves, who organize cooperative stock companies and conduct the business on the same general principle that is applied so successfully in cooperative creameries. Most of these cold storage plants in both city and country use chemical refrigeration or other artificial means of creating and maintaining a low temperature. We understand that recent progress in this line makes it possible to build and equip a cold storage plant at comparatively reasonable cost. Of course, where the ice crop is assured, no expensive refrigerating machinery is required, and in such localities cold storage can be provided in connection with a neighborhood ice-house. The fact that cold storage is coming into such extensive use in the cities is the best possible evidence that it generally pays to thus hold perishable products until they can be marketed to the best advantage. Now, if this is such a good thing for marketmen, cold storage can be equally useful to farmers, especially as they can utilize its advantages by the cooperative method. Almost any farmer can have a fruit retarding house built on a side hill, which does not require ice, and a small cold storage room should be a feature of every farm or home icehouse.—Orange Judd Farmer.

All things considered, the largest flow of milk is the most profitable.

A GLOOMY JOURNEY THAT LASTED TWO YEARS.

A Turn in the Lane at Last—Brings Health and Gladness—An Interesting Narrative with a Happy Ending.

From the Gazette, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

The Gazette recently called attention in these columns to the case of Herbert Spencer, of this village, and his release from suffering after long bondage. Interested in all things pertaining to the betterment of the moral and physical welfare of our community, we had no sooner given to the readers of this paper one article for their perusal and thought when we sought information regarding more such. Our south side druggists, Gardner & Davis, reported that Mr. Frank Williams, of Warner, N. Y., a flourishing hamlet four miles south of this village, had been greatly benefited by the use of that widely-known and highly-regarded medicinal preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To fully set forth the facts concerning the case at Warner, we drove to that village one pleasant July evening. Mr. Williams was not at the pleasant little home in the suburbs of the village on our arrival, but we found him just entering the store of George Burr, in the center of the town, near the N. Y. C. tracks. Mr. Williams is a tall, pleasant-looking man, six feet and one-half inch in height, with a face which at once impresses you with a belief in his candor and honesty. In response to our inquiry as to whether he had ever used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and his willingness to publish abroad his opinion of this medicine, Mr. Williams said:

"I am glad of the opportunity to let my friends and the public generally know of the results of my taking this widely-advertised remedy. I want people to know there is an escape from the evils of some diseases, at least, and that there is reliability and virtue in one of the many advertised remedies now before the people."

We stepped over to a show-case near by where we could write with ease and Mr. Williams continued:

"I have resided in Warner and vicinity for twenty-one years. Am forty-six years of age, and by occupation a carpenter and general utility man, finding employment nearly if not quite all of the time. In January, 1891, I was attacked with a severe nervous trouble, which greatly weakened me and continued to grow gradually worse, with pains everywhere, sometimes in my fingers, again in my toes, but mostly in the heart region. For a year and a half I was unable to do a full day's work. For over three years I tried the skill of the physicians and grew worse under their care. Also tried some well-known proprietary medicines, and while, perhaps, relieved for a time, yet the nervous trouble continued, and for two years I felt that there was no help for me. One day I read in a newspaper a testimonial from a man whose case seemed to resemble mine, and he claimed to have been cured by a medicine advertised under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I forgot it, I desired to say that there was no shaky trouble in my hands, only a quivering of the muscles, sometimes showing in my face. I resolved to try these pills and first purchased a box at the drug store of Gardner & Davis in Baldwinsville. I felt so much better at once that I continued their use until I had taken eighteen boxes, when I felt entirely well again, and have never had a return of the disease, excepting after a period of severe, hard labor, when I feel a bit of the old nervous twitching, but no pain, and when these come on, which is very seldom, I take a few pills and I am all right again. I might also add that my daughter was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and used two boxes, which gave her instant relief. Regarding my present condition I am able to work every day, and my neighbors attribute my cure to something akin to the miraculous."

Mr. Williams was more than willing to make affidavit of the truth of his statements, and we drove to the residence of Justice of the Peace Charles T. Fowler, where the following acknowledgment was recorded:

FRANK S. WILLIAMS.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1895.

CHARLES T. FOWLER,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50)—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Scrubber—"Jingle is a poet, isn't he?"
Scrawler—"No, he's a commercial man. He gets paid for his poetry."—Philadelphia Record.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"I am reduced to great extremities again," sighed the funny man, as he tossed off another joke or two involving the Chicago girl.—Chicago Tribune.

Three for a Dollar!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in color, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address GEO. H. HEAF, ROSS, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Let your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.—Horace.

Dropsy is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

A Sinking Fund

Of vital energy is easily and pleasantly replenishable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an invigorant without a peer, and will speedily infuse fresh stamina into an enfeebled physique. Besides this, it averts and remedies malaria, and subdues bilious, kidney, dyspeptic and rheumatic ailments. The nervous derive great benefit from its use.

That which history can best give is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.—Goethe.

There is lots of pleasure, satisfaction and health corked up in a bottle of HIRES Rootbeer. Make it at home.

Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 50c. package makes 5 gallons, sold every where.

GENERAL AGENTS with small capital amply secured on salary and commission. Permanent employment. Chance of a lifetime. MORGAN SOAP CO., Cincinnati, O.



The Governor of North Carolina said "to the Governor of South Carolina

Battle Ax PLUG

"BATTLE AX" is the most tobacco, of the best quality, for the least money. Large quantities reduce the cost of manufacture, the result going to the consumer in the shape of a larger piece, for less money, than was ever before possible.



They don't agree

—your pocket-book and your wash-board. One tries to keep your money—the other wastes it. You'd better consult your pocket-book, do your washing with Pearline, and put the wash-board out of the house. There's no room or place for it with Pearline (no soap), nor for any of its wearing-out, tiresome rubbing. You'll be doing your pocket-book a good turn, and help toward making it fatter and sleeker, if you'll do all your washing and cleaning with Pearline.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL



TO MEMPHIS AND NEW ORLEANS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE—THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CABS.

TICKETS AND TRAIN SCHEDULES OF TICKET AGENTS OF ALL CONNECTING LINES.

PISO'S GURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

OPION and WHISKY habits cured. Black and FREE. Dr. J. R. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.
A. N. K.—E. 1008
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

PATENT MEDICINES
FOR SALE
At This Office.

LINCOLN TEA.
If you have any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys or Stomach, if your Blood is impure, if troubled with constipation, or if your whole system is run down and needs building up, try
LINCOLN TEA.

DR. WHITEHALL'S MEGRIMINE.
An absolutely infallible and never-failing remedy for all forms of headache—no matter what the cause—and also a ready relief for every pain flesh is heir to. 50 cents a box.

DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE.
The wonderful sales of this remedy within the past few years, and the continued increase in sales week by week, together with the many testimonials tendered us as to its effectiveness stamp it as a sure shot for this dread disease. When you become disgusted with the so-called specifics get a box of WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE and find ready relief. 50 cents a box.

Herbert's Pulmonic Cough Remedy
ARD
Blood Root Expectorant.
This is the best cough remedy on the market, and an invaluable medicine for colds, asthma, etc. 50 cents a bottle.

The Wonderful Japanese Oil.
A wonderful remedy for the cure of all external diseases of man and beast. 50 cents a bottle.

Dr. Swan's Celebrated Liver & Kidney Cure.

An indispensable household remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver, stomach and bowels, kidney difficulties and blood derangements. 50 cents a bottle.

Dr. Swan's Cascara Pills,

A specific for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, and other kindred ailments. 35 pills 25 cents.

National Specific For Malaria.

A substitute for Quinine. Cures all forms of malaria, intermittent fever, neuralgia, etc., etc. 25 pills 25 cents.

Illinois Items of Interest.
Frank Kash left last week for Winchester.
Work is the watch word in this state. Everybody works and consequently times are not so hard.
Harry Perkins, Sam Hill and Will Kash are all near Bushton and working at \$18 per month.
Dave James says he pons his word and honor he is going back to Hazel Green this winter, sure he is.
Berry Pieratt is looking about for a job. He thinks he will tackle broom corn harvest in August.
Jim Hill, who came from Maytown, had a hard time at first. He is now with Jesse Swango and doing well.
You don't "load your team" out here, you "load your wagon." A team is supposed to pull all you can pile on.
A great many Kentuckians want to take in the fair this fall and feast on an old time glass of cider and a ginger cake.
Newton Swango sold a thousand bushels of corn last week at 22 cents. Oats are nearly sure to be at 10 cents. All kind of grain is plentiful and cheap.
Chas. Wilson, a nephew of Sally Ogden, was sent to the house of reform at last term of court. He shot a boy for going with his sweetheart. Kentucky style, eh!
Daniel James has 175 acres of fine land in cultivation. The products of his farm will equal that of ten ordinary mountain farms. Rents are usually high, ranging from \$4 to \$7 per acre.
At Bushton last Saturday night at an ice cream supper, three fourths of the crowd were from Kentucky and nearly all from Wolfe county. Forty-seven by the name of James answered the roll at Sunday school at that place.
Free silver has the day in Illinois. Gold bugs are as scarce here as fiddlers are thick in hades. Every farmer in the country has a horse named "Silver Dick." Now lets see what the silver simpletons and rampant gold bugs do at Chicago. I'll bet they bust up in a row.
Edgar and Coles counties are both very prosperous. The land is worth from \$60 to \$90 per acre. The new court house at Paris cost \$135,000, and the Christian church \$35,000. At Charleston the Methodists and Christians have just finished stone churches costing \$25,000 and \$22,000 respectively. It is a great country but a poor man will have a hard time to get a good hold onto anything of value. If Henry Pieratt had the chance here that he has in the mountains he would soon make a hundred thousand. But with all this the people here are grumbling and hunting new locations. So go north, some west and many south. The world is about the same all over. If you ever have anything you will have to work for it and work hard if you get much. Here's hoping the mountains may get their part.
All The People.
Should keep themselves healthy and especial care should be given to this matter at this time. Health depends upon pure, rich blood, for when the blood is impure and impoverished diseases of various kinds are almost certain to result. The one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its power to purify and vitalize the blood it has proved itself to be the safeguard of health, and the record of remarkable cures effected proves that it has wonderful power over disease. It actually and permanently cures when all other preparations fail to do any good whatever.
We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us on subscription, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why; **YOU ARE IN ARREARS!**

A Great Chance to Make Money.
I want to tell you of my wonderful success. Being a poor girl and needing money badly, I tried the Dish Washer business and have cleared \$200 every month. It is more money than I ever had before and I can't help telling you about it, for I believe any person can do as well as I have if they only try. Dish Washers sell on sight: every lady wants one. The Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo., will give you all necessary instructions, so you can begin work at once. The Dish Washer does splendid work: you can wash and dry the dishes in two or three minutes without putting your hands in the water at all. Try this business and let us know how you succeed.
ELIZABETH C.
Robert Hardwick, a prominent merchant of Stanton, Powell county, was shot and killed at that place Friday evening last by Asa Pettit, who fired two shots, the first taking effect in the left hand and the other in the brain. A bitter enmity had existed between the two men for a long time, and Friday's tragedy was the result of this feeling.
We clip the following from the Owingsville Outlook. Mr. Bigstaff is well known in this section, having been located in Hazel Green for several months about four years ago. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Brother Ben, knowing full well what a sad disappointment it was for him to forego his intended trip: "Evangelist Ben B. Bigstaff, now of Tallega, Lee county, was in town mixing among his many friends last week. He tells a hard luck story on himself. He says he had been saving up money since Christmas to attend the great confederate reunion at Richmond Va., this week and had twenty-five dollars snugly tucked away in a book in his vest pocket. He hung his vest up in his room and went out to attend to something. When he returned his book and money was gone, and he had to give up the intended trip."
All persons holding claims against the estate of Joseph D. Graham, dec'd., will please file same duly authenticated, with me at once. L. C. GRAHAM, July 9, 1896. t4. Administrator.
—THE—
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
18 Pages a Week. 156 Papers a Year.
Is larger than any weekly or semi-weekly paper published and is the only important Democratic "weekly" published in New York City. Three times as large as the leading Republican weekly of New York City. It will be of especial advantage to you during the PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, as it is published every other day, except Sunday, and has all the freshness and timeliness of a daily. It combines all the news with a long list of interesting departments, unique features, cartoons and graphic illustrations, the latter being a specialty.
All these improvements have been made without any increase in the cost, which remains at one dollar per year.
We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD together one year for \$1.50. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.
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MT. STERLING, KY.
CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.
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G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.
We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.
Winchester Bank,
WINCHESTER, KY.
N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.
This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y
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W. M. KERR & CO.,
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Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
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WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c., &c.
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.
CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc. HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc. BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, DOES GOOD—EVERY TIME.
Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.
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J. M. HAVENS,
PRACTICAL
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Keeps a full line of Watches, Jewelry, and Spectacles.
Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Syectacles a Specialty.
If you need anything in the Jewelry Line or Fine Silverware, see us. We can save you big money.

HAZEL GREEN FAIR,
August 25, 26, 27 & 28, 1896.
\$1,500. PREMIUMS. \$1,500.

Three 2:30 Races Open to the World!
Entries to races close thirty (30) days before the race.
National rules to govern all racing, and also the manner of making entries.
NO CHARGE FOR FLORAL HALL EXHIBITS.
J. TAYLOR DAY, President. WILLIE H. PIERATT, Secretary.

DAY HOUSE
Hazel Green, Ky.
MRS. LOU DAY Proprietress.
The table the best the market affords and rates reasonable.
Pieratt's Livery Stable in connection.
Millinery and Notions.
I also keep a full line of Millinery, Notions, Dress Goods and Fancy Groceries, to which the attention of the public is invited and their patronage solicited.
MRS. LOU DAY.

THE HERALD IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

THE J. T. DAY ROLLER MILL.
I now have my Roller Mill in first class order and guarantee as good flour as can be made on any mill in the State where good wheat is furnished.
I will buy Wheat at the Highest Market Price, or will exchange flour for wheat on as reasonable terms as any other roller mill in the state. But I positively will not buy or grind any smutty or musty wheat, as it would work to the disadvantage of the mill as well as those who furnish good wheat.
I will state that I am the sole proprietor of the mill, and I will thank any patron of the mill to report to me any cause of complaint they may have from any employee of the mill and I guarantee to satisfy all just claims, as I intend to deal fair and liberal with the people and trust they will favor me with their patronage as I feel this is an enterprise for the good of the entire community.
Thanking the people for their liberal patronage, I am, very respectfully,
J. T. DAY.
W. T. COLVIN, WITH
TRIMBLE BROTHERS,
Wholesale Grocers,
MT. STERLING, KY.

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CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED CO., ST. LOUIS.
Over-Profits Paying Stop it
Get our Great Catalogue and Buyers Guide. We'll send it for 15 cents in stamps to pay part postage or expressage. The Book's free 700 Pages, 12000 illustrations, 4000 descriptions, everything that's used in life; tells you what you ought to pay, whether you buy of us or not. One profit from maker to user. Get it!
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